

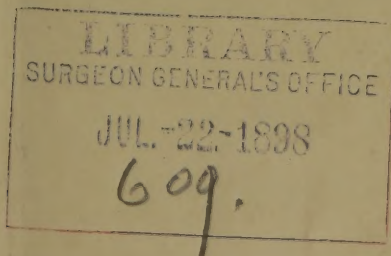
TAYLOR (Jer.)

REV. MR. TAYLOR'S
DISCOURSE,

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. HARRISON.

Y.C. Med. Soc. 1825



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1900

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Medical Profession : its Position and Claims.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED SABBATH EVENING, DECEMBER 28TH, 1856,

IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

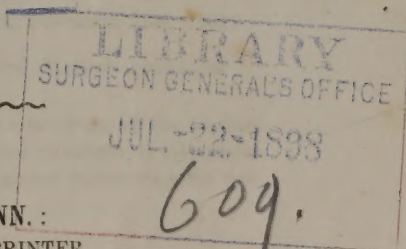
DAVID HARRISON, M. D.

Amherst 1843
BY REV. JEREMIAH TAYLOR.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN. :

CHARLES. H. PELTON, PRINTER.

1857.



MIDDLETOWN, DECEMBER 30TH, 1856.

REV. MR. TAYLOR:

DEAR SIR—

I have the pleasure of transmitting to you the following copy of the preamble and resolutions unanimously adopted by the "CENTRAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION." By complying with our request, you will confer a benefit on the profession, and community, and gratify the wish of many of our citizens.

I am, yours truly,

M. C. HAZEN,
Sec'y. Central Med. Association.

At a meeting of the "CENTRAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION," held at Middletown, on the 30th day of December, 1856, the following preamble and resolution were adopted.

The undersigned, members of the "CENTRAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION," having listened with much gratification to the able, impressive, and appropriate discourse delivered by Rev. JEREMIAH TAYLOR, at the North Congregational Church, on Sunday evening, December 28th; and believing that a more extended diffusion of the sentiments therein expressed, as well as of the special details in regard to our late associate, Dr. HARRISON, would be not less a source of satisfaction to very many of our citizens, than of benefit to the members of our profession, do therefore, Resolve, that our Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to request in behalf of the Association, a copy of the discourse with a view to its publication.

(Signed)

CHARLES WOODWARD,
WM. B. CASEY,
ELISHA B. NYE,
GEORGE W. BURKE,
M. C. HAZEN.

MIDDLETOWN, DECEMBER 31st, 1856.

M. C. HAZEN, M. D., Secretary of the Central Medical Association.

DEAR SIR—

Grateful for the kind expressions of the Medical Society of this city, which you have been pleased to submit to me relative to my late discourse, and deferring to their judgment rather than my own, I place the discourse at your disposal.

With sentiments of high regard,

Yours,

JEREMIAH TAYLOR.

DISCOURSE.

1 CORINTHIANS, XII. CHAP., 9TH VERSE.

—TO ANOTHER THE GIFTS OF HEALING, BY THE SAME SPIRIT.

THE three learned professions, theology, medicine, and law, have a most intimate and important relation to each other. They have a common origin, God. He is revealed unto us as Savior, Physician, Lawgiver. A common necessity gave birth and perpetuity to them among men. The lapsed state of the human family introduced sin, suffering, and misrule, the remedy of which blighted, deplorable, condition has been sought in the application of saving truth to the soul, the healing virtues to the body, and wholesome legislation to all men in their social and civil relations.

Doubtless, the apostle had reference to supernatural gifts and endowments in the language of the text and context, but had he designed to present the brotherhood of these three leading departments of human thought, research and labor, the delightful harmony of the professions, he could not more happily have done it than in these words ; "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit ; to another faith by the same spirit ; to another the gift of healing by the same spirit. The truest philosophy in reference to the gifts and attainments of life, is that which traces the stream back to the great fountain head in the heavens. God is the author of every good, and every perfect gift. In all the fields of usefulness and high moral culture, each and all may follow their own appropriate calling remembering what they have is from God ; in his service it should be employed, to the very last mite. Taking this view of life and pursuit among men, all right labors are equally honorable ; all useful employments equally to be sought under the ever guiding spirit.

It is an obvious fact, so it seems, that no one of the above named professions is duly estimated in society. This want of a just appreciation, doubtless often arises from the character given to them, by those unworthy members found in connection with them. It pertains to all human institutions, that the good and bad shall exist together.

There is a great variety in the forms of belief and ecclesiastical usage represented by the clergy, from the devoted pastor and faithful preacher, the best representative of Christ and his apostles, in the world, down through all the grades of an unsanctified priesthood, imposed upon men, by the blindest superstition and the darkest features, and most degrading doctrines of a false religion. Then the healing art, is pursued by a crowd of bold empirics, who too often delude the popular mind into the belief, that the most unlearned in the schools, is the wisest man, the best practitioner. Giving a new application of the seeming paradox of the apostle, "they became fools that they may be wise." Law is made odious, and the profession fearfully degraded because, so many enter it from motives of sheer ambition and employ its ever varying forms and technicalities to enrich and aggrandize themselves, at the sacrifice of the goods, and good of another. But still they are noble professions, one and all ; adorned by eminent abilities ; high minded men, noble deeds.

One of these professions has of late been robbed of a bright ornament in this place. The mild, courteous, skillful Harrison, is with us no more. You his brethren in the profession have taken up his body and carried it to the burial. A few months only have elapsed since another* closed his life ; venerable in age, honored in his profession ; a man of God ; ready to depart.

This time seems appropriate to present some thoughts in regard to the medical profession, suited, it is hoped, to awaken right views of its responsibilities and claims.

The sentiment submitted to your consideration, may be expressed in this form :

To the medical profession the world owes one of her largest

* EBENEZER TRACY, began the practice of medicine in 1785. died July, 1856. 29th,

debts of gratitude. Indeed, the claims of this profession, are second only to those who minister at the altar of a pure, elevating, saving faith.

This sentiment will commend itself to our cordial assent, when we consider the amount of actual suffering alleviated by the skilful physician.

The bright, joyous, rapidly flowing stream of human existence, has, from the hour man was ejected from paradise, flowed parallel to another, and in so close proximity to it, in all places and at all times, that the destrutive waters of the one have ever mingled freely with the healthful, life-giving waves of the other. It is the stream of disease, suffering, death. Man no sooner begins to live, than he encounters the most fearful exposure to ever varying forms of disease both mental and physical. Some of the emissaries of death ever linger at his side ; and there is no escape from the destroyer but in dying. There is, therefore, the largest demand for those who devote themselves to the art of healing the diseased ; always has been, always will be until the world is brought into a condition where the inhabitants shall no more say " I am sick." Trace then this mission of the physician in the broad field of his practice, and learn how he lifts the night of suffering from many. In the family where sickness has made its inroads, his presence is hailed as the harbinger of good. It may be the only child is writhing in anguish, as the powerful, relentless disease applies all its instruments of torture to afflict the sick, to send despair to the heart of the careful watcher. Parents are overwhelmed in view of the dangerous condition of their dearly loved one. What to do, they know not, or if knowing feel unwilling to trust their own judgement in such an hour. The physician takes his place by the side of the sufferer. His experience so true, reveals the exact position of things ; the seat of the disease, and its character, and efficient remedies are quickly placed on the track of the wasting malady. Like the prophet, it is his joyful errand to give back to the parents the emaciated, but living form, of one who seemed to them well-nigh dead. Follow the family physician, in all his round of calls ; mark with what care he notes the ever-varying phases of diseases, and how he suits his healing and restoring agents to all as they have need. He listens to the sad complaints of one,

the reproaches of another, in patience and calmness, doing his careful work, now sustained with hope that he shall cure and then feeling the precious life, he so much desires to save is in danger beyond his relief. In watching and counselling for the welfare of others, he seems to be moved with all the love and compassion that would enlist his efforts in behalf of his own first-born. You trust your own life and that of your friends, in his hands, and the night of weeping becomes the day of joy.

In another department of the profession, the wounded, bruised, mangled, find a comforter and healer. This class of sufferers is very numerous in this age of casualties and reckless exposure. The skillful surgeon sets the broken limb, adjusts the mangled parts, amputates the diseased, and perishing member, and thus resuscitates the dimly flickering flame of life. He often draws his keen separating blade where the least deviation from the prescribed course would cause certain death. True to his art, and responsible trust, he saves. The sufferer is relieved, anxious friends are filled with joy. A youth in one of our Colleges, ranking high as a scholar, found all his hopes blasted by the inroads made upon his health and constitution by a malignant tumor. The diseased part must be removed or he must die. His case was submitted to the most eminent in the school of surgery, and he found a single one who spoke to him words of encouragement and hope. He placed his life in that one's hands. Success attended the operation. The invalid has already enjoyed a number of years of health; and if spared to reap the experience of years, promises to be among the most eminent in the science and practice of medicine. On sea as well as on land; amid the din of arms and the death-strife of nations, must the physician go, like the angel of mercy, to bend over the couch of the dying, and pluck the poisoned arrow from the heart yet throbbing with life and hope.

We look again and see the physician moving in the midst of scenes which places the crown of brightest glory upon his art. Reason has been dethroned—the mind has broken loose from its moorings, and floats upon a sea of dark uncertainty. In years gone by, such a sad condition was regarded as incurable. Not so now. The night of chaos has been passed in safety by many. But who is it that possesses this wonderful power of re-calling

thought, giving reason again its place, and restoring the sufferer to all the joys and usefulness of life? God has appointed the physician his agent in this noblest work of earth, and nobly does he perform it!

The blind too are led back to the paths of light. The deaf rejoice once more in the harmony of sweet sounds; "the lame man leaps like an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sings for joy," under the well-nigh magic influence of the healing art.

The days of miraculous cures are passed, and what further need have we of them. Art herself has become so divine that man under her faithful guidance, accomplishes deeds, which in less favored times, would have been regarded as the result of a direct interposition of Almighty skill. Thanks, many thanks to those toiling men who have thus opened the fountains of wisdom and knowledge, and bathed the earth in influences so salutary and blissful!

The position which the science and practice of medicine now hold, may justly claim our gratitude.

It is now for the most part severed from the vain superstitions and degrading theories of earlier histories. The ancient Egyptians were the first to reduce the study of medicine to a system. But their system was little more than the skilful use of the arts and tricks of the conjurer and magician, like those who encountered the wonder-working power of Moses and Aaron, in the presence of Pharaoh. Such is the gloomy picture of the earlier periods. In later times it could hardly be called more inviting, owing to the minute divisions into which the practice was divided and sub-divided. "One class had the cure of the eyes; another of the head; another of the teeth; another of the stomach, and another of occult diseases." It should be remembered too that these various departments did not exist as they do in a measure at the present time, as the result of labored research, expended to the honor and perfection of the science, but deep-seated ignorance was the basis of the classification. While then, one had need to employ as many physicians as he had different parts in his body, the treatment of all was the same. He was made the dupe of priest-craft of the baser sort.

The Greeks early gave their attention to the healing art.

Some became eminent among them. The prevailing idea was, however, that the working of cures was the direct gift of heaven. Hence, *Æsculapius* whose wonderful skill has such honor conferred upon it, received divine homage. How he wrought his cures, we are not informed directly. The success attending him, was so great, that *Jupiter* was obliged to remove him from the world, so that the physician might not have the honor and praise which belonged to the god ; and lest the realms of *Pluto* should be depopulated and left without an inhabitant. There is but little reason to doubt that this eminent physician was anything more than a mighty conjurer, for his descendants and successors in the profession attributed all skill and success to his influence mysteriously continued among men. *Hippocrates* has been called the father of medicine, owing to his valuable discoveries in regard to the nature and treatment of diseases, and his earnest efforts to sever the healing art from its unnatural alliance with sorcery. But his successors continued more or less, to mingle religion and medicine together. A late writer bears testimony on this subject in this language : " the practice of medicine in former times was accompanied with charms, amulets and incantations. Fascinations, or probably as understood by the moderns, clairvoyance and magnetism, were employed as preventives and cures for diseases, as well as for malignant purposes."

The Roman people of whom it is said they lived for the period of six hundred years without physicians, if not without physic, were at length compelled to employ both, in consequence of prevailing diseases. True to their accustomed spirit of devotion, they soon created gods and goddesses not a few. All the early history of nations in connection with the science and practice of medicine, seemed to augur that this useful, saving art never would break away from its bondage to superstition and a wild and dreary mysticism. Late was man in beginning to learn where he ought. *Harvey* must first discover the circulation of the blood in the human system. *Bacon* must appear as the prince of philosophers, the true interpreter of nature, before the door was opened into the arcana of man's own nature, and he could know himself. The human system has now been most thoroughly analyzed ; all is revealed. The arts too have reached that degree of perfection, that the disease and its cure are brought side by side. It was an old

law of the profession, that whoever discovered a poison should not reveal it, until he had also found an antidote. The law now seems to be that no disease shall exist without its appropriate remedy. Every new phase of suffering is pursued with such consummate skill, and such faithful research, that the great destroyer is divested of most of his inglorious power. What a change in a very few years in the management of diseases of the mind. Anatomy is so fully mastered and simplified, that it becomes the study of the common school. That dark stain upon the page of our early history, left there by witchcraft and the bleeding victims of its strange delusions, would never have found its place there, had the mental and physical laws of our being been then as now, well understood. We appreciate more highly the present state of things in this department, because of the attempts so often made to resort anew to the vain follies and fooleries of the past. Vain is the attempt in the light which now abounds, to lead men blindfold. Spiritual rappers and mesmerisers will have their votaries on whom to practice their vain arts. Mankind love to be deceived and sell themselves to empirics. Now it is their own fault ; once necessity was laid upon them. The medical practitioner was deceived and a deceiver. Now he is wise and points out the ways of wisdom. We are now in the midst of the golden age of arts and sciences of all kinds ; how peculiarly so in regard to the art of healing. Our hospitals, medical Schools, with their learned faculties and the high attainments of so many in the profession clearly indicate that the night has passed, the hour of morn has come. Honor, bright honor crowns the healing art ; it deserves a high meed of praise from all men, for it is the friend and benefactor of all. Epidemics revel only for a season. They quickly lose their fatal power, pursued as they are by the faithful inquiries and certain knowledge of the present. Diseases, like cholera and small-pox, the very mention of which, sent terror through the crowded city, are now regarded as in a great measure under the easy control of the skillful. We have hope too, that the yellow fever, that scourge of so many districts, will demand only a few more hecatombs, before it is robbed of its dreadful power by new discoveries in materia medica, or new applications of existing remedies.

The peculiar exposure, hardships and deprivations of the physician in his efforts to serve others, lays us under a heavy tribute of gratitude to him.

Probably no class of persons are more in bondage to their profession, than those devoted to the practice of medicine. If they seek eminence in their vocation, it can be attained in no other way than by the most rigid application to business and study. The calls of the sick must have a careful and ready response. Books must be consulted, that one's own observation and experience may be compared with the wisdom of ages past, as well as the best thoughts of the present time. Each new case of disease in the family demands extra labor in the library. Independence of fortune does not release a man from servitude here, unless the heart be hardened against doing good. The physician will not refuse to aid the suffering when it lies in his power. His sympathies are not only enlisted for his unfortunate brother man, but there is a circle of friends created in less prosperous days which he cannot forsake. To change a family physician is a very trying thing ; so the old one must obey the summons as long as strength will allow. His responsibilities will not suffer him to refuse to go when so much good to another may be conferred. The summons may come at an hour of all others he would least prefer. It may be in the noon-day heat of summer—amid the drenching rains of autumn—or the fierce, driving snows of winter. It may be morn or eve ; in darkness or light ; but there is for him no election ; go he must when called. Life may be in jeopardy. It may depend upon his accelerated or retarded step, whether it be saved or lost. If he be faint, weary, or even diseased it does not matter, people cannot understand that the "doctor," can himself be disabled from service ; that he who heals others, cannot always heal himself. It wont do for him to turn aside the night call by saying "trouble me not for my children are with me in bed, I cannot arise."

In the ordinary pursuits of business ; in other professions, men may take journeys to recruit their prostrate energies. In seasons of disease and wasting mortality they may resort to more salubrious and healthful climes, to escape the malaria. Not so the good physician. He must be in a situation to respond to calls, at all times.

As a man in social life, he cannot be like others, for however much he may be enjoying in the choice circle of friends, he must take a quick departure if his presence is wanted in the sick room. The sabbath comes not to him as to others ; a day of calm, undisputed repose ; worldly pursuits all dismissed, mind left in unruffled meditation on heavenly themes. If he can heal on the sabbath day, such is his duty. He must leave the house of God, the sweet songs of praise, and all that is hallowed, elevating, and refreshing, in public worship, to do good to others. The first view I had of our lamented friend was when he was leaving his seat in Church, to obey the call of the sick.

Nor is this all or even the most appalling feature of this exposure. He must enter the room of his patient, whatever be the character of the malady from which he suffers, offer himself a victim to the disease, if it be contagious, and all its train of suffering and gloom. Many in this way have become the easy and speedy prey of death. How many fell at Norfolk and Portsmouth, and other places pervaded by the fatal epidemic, who might have saved their life in flight ! The heroism of the battle-field bears no comparison to the heroic and morally sublime even, in such self-sacrifice and exposure. I have somewhere seen it stated that in one of the old cities, a disease appeared which baffled the skill of the wisest. It was deemed of the first importance that an examination should be held over the body of one of the victims of the disease. But who should undertake such a labor ? He could not survive an hour. One that loved the cause he served but too well came forward to the gloomy, fatal task. He was closeted with the dead, hastened his work that it might be well done before he fell. He marks with most minute exactness the features of the loathsome destroyer, carefully commits the record to others, and dies. Not many months ago a man* greatly distinguished in this profession, died in the city of Boston. In his will it was ordered, that his body, after the funeral obsequies had been performed to the gratification of friends and relatives, should be given to the medical college for dissection and examination, and the bony skeleton to be a perpetual legacy to the science of anatomy.

* Dr. Warren.

How pure the devotion to science, that could thus deliberately break those strong ties of affection which draw us to our kindred in the slumbers and silence of the tomb ! Dr. Kane has brought unfading honors to his name in his explorations and exposures in the polar seas, begun in the hope of bringing back to life a lost fellow-being, prosecuted amid such hardships and sufferings, that none could hope to survive unless familiar with the best modes of preserving life in the greatest straits,

The healing art is such an auxiliary in the furtherance of the gospel, as to entitle it to a very high place in our estimation and regard.

From the earliest times the healing of diseases has been intimately connected with religious rites and duties. Among all the ancients the religious teacher and the physician were one and the same. The Jews were not an exception to this law. The priests constituted the only learned class, and were the sole judges of diseases and physicians of the people. There was an obvious reason for this. The pains and sufferings of the body were regarded as indications of divine displeasure ; prayer and priestly intercessions were the appropriate remedies. Moses is supposed to have been skilled in the use of medicine, as well as a lawgiver and prophet. To the prophets generally was conferred the miraculous power of healing the suffering and disabled. Naaman, the proud chieftain of the king of Syria, is a supplicant for health at the door of the prophet in Israel. The nation and the God of the nation who had such a wonder-working priesthood, obtained a position of high renown in the earth. It paved the way for disseminating truth and righteousness among men.

Our glorious Savior early evinced his mighty power and god-head, and opened hearts many to receive him, as he went from place to place healing the sick. He did not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, but restored life and health. His zeal to do good to the bodies of men was only second to his efforts to introduce the soul of the lost into the way of life and peace. Imbuing the apostles with a spirit like his own, and endowing them with supernatural gifts he gave them the command, which has been suspended from heaven visible to the eyes of all

men, "go teach all nations." Heal the sick, cure diseases. True to the injunction they went forth to bless and save. Diseases fled at their approach. Hearts hard as steel melted before the breath of their love. The word had power. Heavenly wisdom thus established the great truth, which meets us every day, to save the soul of the poor and ignorant, we must bless him to the extent of our power in his temporal wants and necessities. Man well understands that we are sincere in our professions of desire to bless him in regard to the unseen if we aid in suffering immediately before us. The Church imitating the example of Christ and his apostles, has sent the gospel to the perishing in the same way. The healing of diseases, administering to the wants of the sick and suffering, has been regarded as an important part of her missionary work. The preacher and physician go forth in company on this high errand of love. Often the two professions combined in the same individual. Nothing has done more to gain the ear of those perishing in sin, to the words of life than the interest thus shown in their present well-being. Dr. *Parker, by his great skill and eminent success in surgery and kindred arts, has done a work for China and the cause of christian missions, not attainable in any other way. He has broken down that strong wall of partition which so long forbade all access to the heart of the "Middle Kingdom." In the light of such facts it becomes more and more an object to have our missionaries to foreign parts, skilled in the treatment of diseases peculiar to the people and climate where they may dwell and labor. The opportunities for doing good placed in the reach of the physician, are at all times exceeding large, hardly second to any other ; (allow me to press this thought upon the members of the profession before me.) His responsibilities must be commensurately great. He is with the sick and dying in just those circumstances when they need words of wisdom and heavenly council ; when words of truth may make their most abiding impressions. A word fitly spoken may then save the soul, when there is no power that can withstand the inroads of disease. What rewards ; what crowns of glory, are in reserve for him who in the spirit of the great master, the healer of all our diseases, has

* Peter Parker, M. D., now United States Minister at Canton ; formerly Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M.

gone forth faithful to his work, doing good to all men, blessing body, blessing soul, as he has had opportunity. What a position the good physician may hold before angels and men, when the words of the judge in the final assizes, shall introduce him to his large inheritance. "I was sick and ye visited me," enter ye into the joy of your Lord.

If these views of the medical profession, are according to truth then a community suffers a great loss, when a valued physician is removed by death. It was a day of gloom, a sense of sad bereavement was experienced through one of the most populous counties, of a neighboring state, when that dreadful, overwhelming, disaster at Norwalk, robbed it of an eminent surgeon.* Many who knew him only by reputation felt that they had been deprived of a personal friend. Pains and casualties made holiday, revelling in blithesome joy, that now the hand which had so long held them in check, had lost its power of control. Men went forth to the place of labor and the mart of trade, tremblingly, lest some disaster might befall, and the hand of relief be wanting.

Able as the profession here is, in the talent and attainment of those who survive, one has fallen whose absence will be greatly missed and deplored. The action of the medical society of which the deceased was a member, in regard to the death of their late fellow, is a pleasing testimony that he was highly esteemed by them as a man and safe counsellor. The families so long dependent upon him for advice and aid in seasons of sickness will feel that their beloved physician has bidden them a hasty and most painful adieu. And we all who were accustomed to meet him in the friendly intercourse of life sorrow much that we shall see his face no more—that one fitted to be so useful should have died so soon. In the quaint language of an old epitaph, he seems to speak his last words to us,

"Thousands of journeys night and day,
I've travelled, weary on the way
To heal the sick ;—but now I'm gone
A journey never to return."

*Dr. Pierson, of Salem Mass.

The few items of personal history interesting to know, have already been made familiar to you in various ways. He was born in North Branford, on the paternal estate which he retained in the family name, to the time of his death. His father's family consisted of seven children, all of whom, together with the parents, died before him. He pursued the study of medicine with Dr. Parker, of Wallingford, a brother-in-law, and at Yale College, where he took his medical diploma in 1825, at the age of 23 years. He entered on the practise of medicine immediately. Four years of professional life were spent in Durham. He won the confidence and esteem of all who secured his services. He entered on his professional duties in this city in 1829, where, from the first by his winning manners, careful attention to all cases intrusted to him, and uniform success in the treatment of diseases, he endeared a large circle to him. In 1837, failing health induced him to seek a milder climate. He passed five years in Cuba, continuing his practice, and regaining his health. He returned again and took his place among the physicians in this town in 1842. Since which time he has not been desirous of an extended field of professional duty. He was strongly attached to this home of his adoption. He remarked to a friend not many weeks ago, that he desired to remain here as long as his health would permit, and then go away to die. In this he was gratified. The third morning after he left accompanied by two friends, knowing surely that his days must be few ; so the fatal disease admonished him, the telegraph whispered the painful, startling intelligence, that death had done its work. He expired at Fair Haven, Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, aged 54 years. He died just where he wished to close his life, in the arms of relatives, who tenderly loved him and whom he as fondly cherished. His remains too were gathered to the family burial place, honored by the religious services of the ministers of Christ for whom he cherished the highest regard. With the one who performed the closing service, he was on terms of acquaintance and friendship. You his professional brethren and other friends, gave a warm expression of your esteem in paying the last sad tribute to his memory. You attended him to the tomb, there dropped your tears, and waved your silent adieus.

Had Dr. Harrison, been in the enjoyment of firm health up to the time of the final struggle with disease, he could hardly have been indifferent to the thought that an early death awaited him. He had seen his family melt away, consumed by disease. The fact was too impressive to leave his meditative spirit unconcerned for the future. But he had other monitions from his perishing nature, to prepare for the life immortal. Driven at an early period to seek health, even at the sacrifice of his fondly cherished plans, and then for so long a period being conscious that a fatal disease was seated at his heart ; like the faithful servant of the King of Macedon telling him, "thou art mortal," it would seem a most natural thing for him to earnestly inquire in regard to his prospects beyond the tomb. This view is strengthened by the fact, that he seems ever to have cherished a firm belief in evangelical truth, and chose as his place of public worship, one where the doctrines of grace were faithfully preached.

All bear testimony to the great moral worth of Dr. Harrison, the correctness of his habits, the purity of his character. Some who knew him intimately, and sat by his side in those hours when the world is withdrawn and heart communes with heart, gain evidence that he was the disciple of Christ ; that he had unflinching hope in the atoning merits of Jesus. We speak not with confidence here. We rejoice in all that sheds brightness around that future which is now his. We mourn that a life consecrated to Christ, and the Church is not an abiding evidence that all is well. He sought for religious counsel and consolation in the final struggle. A kind providence brought to his bedside a *clergyman whom he had long known, instead of a stranger. It was a fearful scene and one not soon to pass from the memory of the living. The strong man was writhing in pain. Human aid was unavailing. He, who had often healed others could not heal himself. The man of God, directed him to the great and good physician, to the arm of strength. Together they lifted their prayers and parted. It was their last meeting on earth. One is here to-night ; the other is not in his well-known seat in this house of God.

* Rev. Mr. Dudley. of this city.

Earth henceforth shall know him not ;
 His torch of life has here been quenched.
 To be re-lit, at the unseen altars of the infinite ;
 And, ever more shall blaze, in immortality's
 Own Light.

In social life, Dr. HARRISON was diffident and retiring. Expressed attachment to his friends by deeds rather than words. Was a friend to the poor. Went as cheerfully to the house of the lowly where no recompense could be made, as to the family of wealth and sure reward. He loved his profession and continued in practice, rather from the pleasure of employment and the good he might do than from the remuneration which it brought.

When a friend called at his room, a few days before he left town, and found him well-nigh prostrate from disease, he urged him to relinquish business and take care of himself. His decision was made to practice no more. The word had hardly passed his lips, when one and another summons came for him to visit the sick. He hesitated in view of his own debility, but his sympathies got the better of his judgement and he promised attendance. The visits were made ; his last work among us.

To the influence of kindness he was peculiarly susceptible. As it became known among his friends here that his health was failing, one and another expressed a wish to do something for his comfort. He was greeted with the warm invitation, "come to my house and be sick," such solicitude for his good overcame him. As he left us, amid the kind expressions and careful attention of those accompanying him, his cheeks were bathed in tears, and when in the family where he expired, he seemed most of all to fear causing trouble to those he loved. These will be pleasant reminiscences of the warm devotion of one whom we shall see no more. An intimate friend speaks of him in this closing language ; " Dr. HARRISON was a man of kind feelings, gentlemanly deportment, excellent moral character, clear, practical judgment: well informed, and remarkably attentive as a practising physician. Invariably

winning and securing the grateful confidence and esteem of his patients by his cheerful urbanity and untiring devotion to every case he was professionally summoned to attend."

What are the lessons of instruction imparted to us by this event?

1st. We see the intimate connection existing between time and eternity. To-day a man walks our streets in all the apparent vigor and strength of firm manhood; to-morrow he is the prey of death. He has gone to his long home; we know him no more forever. How brief then the space which divides the unseen from the visible! Different parts of the world are brought near to us under the pressure of steam and telegraphic intercommunication. But eternity is nearer than London. The good man may reach his home in the heavens, before the word that he is dying passes over the wires to the next city. There is no vast prairie-land, no unlimited space, separating

"That heavenly land from ours."

One horizon bounds them both—not here we are there.

2d. The death of one in professional life, who may have reached a degree of eminence in his vocation, has features of gloom and humiliation connected with it which do not appear elsewhere. Talents, mental endowments, professional experience and skill, cannot be bequeathed. When the fortunate possessor of these dies, he deprives the world of what he possessed. Neither son nor heir, can inherit his gifts and attainments. The land which bears our name; the house we have builded; the gold we have accumulated remain when we are gone. They belong to earth; of such sordid things man when he dieth shall carry nothing away. Others may use them as well as we. But the treasures of learning and genius are one's own personal estate to that degree that no other can possess them. Death not only plucks down the building, but spoils it of its ornaments. An eminent scholar

as he saw death approaching, bemoaned himself thus ; " Years of toil have been expended to place me in my present position. I am now qualified to be useful in my chosen field of labor ; but my work must end with its prosperous beginning. Disease hastens me away. Humiliating fact ; and there is none to begin where I end, and carry down my labors to bless the world and save my name from the spoiler. O, thou perpetual enemy to man ! thou blaster of hope ; thou doest crush thy victim in the dust, and mock all his thoughts of ambition, and pour contempt upon the grandeur of his high achievements." In this view of death hear the utterance of another. " How mysterious are the ways of providence. When fortune has profusely scattered her glittering toys, and mortals have grasped them as something real ; when fancy has decked the landscape with gaudy colors, and promised that its attractions shall be as durable as they are dazzling, in a moment the lowering sky may belie our hopes and the pointest lightning blast our joys."

3d. To the members of the medical profession, this event in the providence of God, speaks with a peculiar emphasis and admonition. God is wont to address classes by his startling dispensations. The youth dies while a member of college, his classmates lay the scene to heart as others do not. The warning words are designed for them. In the halls of legislation, death enters. A member is removed. The body to which he belonged are moved by the solemn scene. When our fellow-laborer, associate, peer, falls by our side, it becomes us to renew our watch, and be in readiness for our own departure. That the profession has lost a valuable member has been amply shown. They so testify ; but a feeling of bereavement is not all that is needed in such an hour. See to it that you are all ready for the same great change. Ye who have so long been strength to others, behold here your own weakness ! He who under God had often rolled back the tide of suffering and death from others, found at last his own strength failing. So it will be with you. There is one who in strength and wisdom, and knowledge bears the name

God ; but in his relation to human weakness his name is friend, brother, physician. To him alone belongs the wonderful skill to heal all diseases, to conquer death, to give immortal life. Have you secured the interest of this Almighty one in your behalf, for the hour of darkness, death, and eternity ?

In the light of this event, we are all urged to seek a better, a more enduring inheritance than this world can give. Death writes his name proprietor on all below the skies. O, build beyond his dark domain, on the bright shores of the world eternal !

Hopes there are which cannot die,
Joys which never will decay,
Death, which like an angel kind
Ope's the gates to endless day.

